

Peter and the Blobs

CHAPTER ONE

KABOOM! CRASH!! BOOM!!!

A huge explosion of flame burst through the tiny basement window and cut through the cold, dark, early morning.

"Help! Help!"

I heard the cry and came running down the steep driveway. "Professor! Are you okay?" I called out.

"Help!" came the reply.

I ran in the back door and down the steps to the basement. I could see something green oozing from under the door. When I tried to open it, I found that the door was stuck.

"Peter!" called the professor. "Get the ax from the fireplace! I'm stuck!"

I ran to get the ax. When I returned, I broke the door down.

"Thank you!" the professor sighed.

Inside, there was a small laboratory which I had visited many times before. There was a half foot of green slime covering the floor and green spots all over the wall. The table in the center of the room was charred and had collapsed. A whole set of shelves were toppled, along with all the contents. Shards of shattered glass were scattered on the floor. The only salvageable item in the room was a medium sized bottle, held by the professor, with a creamy substance inside.

"What a mess." I said. "What happened?"

"My wife is gone for the weekend," he replied, "so I started working on a new experiment while I had the chance. I had been working all night with only a kerosene lantern for light. I had decided to take a break and, as I was leaving, I reached to blow out the lantern. I knocked it off the table. It exploded and the table caught on fire. I reached for the extinguisher and accidentally knocked over the shelves. By the time I had gotten the extinguisher the table had collapsed. All of my chemicals had mixed and somehow started multiplying. The door opens inward so I was stuck."

"What were you trying to invent?" I asked.

"An invisibility cream."

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Crunch! The huge alien crushed ten houses in one step! The explosions were causing fires all over the city! People were running and screaming everywhere!

"Peter Jones! Turn that show off right now!" My mom called out to me.

"Aw mom, do I have to?"

"Yes! You're late for school!"

She had an edge in her voice that told me I should obey. I gathered my books together and ran out the door. As I rounded the corner, the school bus was just leaving my bus stop. "Wait!" I called. The bus driver obviously did not hear me.

Great! Now I would have to walk to school.

When I got to school, the yard was empty. I entered the classroom and my teacher, Mr. Franklin, was facing the chalkboard. I tried to sneak into the classroom but just as I was sitting down, the door slammed. The teacher whirled around, but it wasn't Mr. Franklin!

The teacher was short and fat. He had on plain gray clothes and he wore white gloves. There was an awful expression on his face, with cold grey eyes that bore down on me like knives.

"Mr. Franklin is in the hospital. He will not be able to return for a few months. I will take his place until he returns. I hope nothing like this happens again."

That same expression was on his face, and he hardly moved his lips, even when he was talking.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"My name?" He sounded confused. He started mumbling in a strange language as he fumbled for his pocketbook. He pulled it out of his pocket and flipped through a few pages. He seemed to struggle as he read. Finally, he gave a grunt of triumph and looked up at me again. "My name is Sam Smith. Mr. Smith to you, young man."

"He's pretty weird" said Frank Johnson, my best friend. "Did you notice his lips?"

"Yes" I said. "Are you going to visit the professor with me today?"

"Okay, when?"

"Right after school, I'll meet you in the parking lot. I saw the experiment he's working on. He's trying to invent an invisibility cream."

"This should be interesting."

After school, I met Frank in the parking lot and we walked to the professor's house. We were greeted at the door by his wife. She was a nice, elderly lady whom we had both met before. She asked us if we would like some cookies. We gratefully accepted. When we were finished, we sneaked down to the lab.

As we entered, the professor was just mixing a concoction together.

"Close the door," he said. He didn't say anything else for a while.

As we waited, I looked around at the room and noticed that it was spotless. The shelves and the door were fixed. There was a new table. Every bit of goop was off the floor. All of the chemicals had been replaced.

About an hour later, he turned to us.

"I think I've got it!" he cried. There was a crazy smile on his face. He put some grayish cream on his hands and rubbed it in. Nothing happened. He rubbed it in deeper. Still nothing happened.

"Just give it some time," he said. After five minutes, still nothing happened.

"I - I don't understand." He was devastated. Suddenly, he exploded. "It's not fair! I've been working on it constantly for days! I thought I had it perfect!"

"Maybe it does something else you just don't know about," I said.

Little did I know how true this was. We said goodbye to the professor and his wife and we left.

Some people called the professor crazy because he believed in Bigfoot, extraterrestrials and other such things.

The next day at recess, some kids were teasing Frank and me because we were friends with the professor. When we ignored them, one of them pushed Frank into the mud. It turned into a major brawl.

Unfortunately, Mr. Smith was on yard duty. He came over to see what was happening. "What is the meaning of this?" he yelled.

We tried to explain that they had started it. He told Frank and me, "It takes two to fight. I'll see you after class today." He gave a citation to everyone else. As he passed them out I noticed he wore the same expression and he still had on those white gloves.

After P.E. was over, at the end of school day, Frank and I walked over to the classroom. We quietly cracked the door open so we could see what Mr. Smith did in private. He was sitting at his desk at the front of the room.

"Ahhh!" he sighed. "Finally, a chance to get away from those kids. Soon I shall have revenge!" Even alone his expression didn't change.

"He's planning a pop quiz for tomorrow," said Frank.

"Shhh!"

He didn't notice us as he continued. "Now I get to relax." He grabbed his right glove and pulled it off. Underneath there was nothing but a blob of green jelly-like slime!